

## Missing Children

Okkervil River

Kids get lost, lambs out wandering  
Bigger, blacker things go following  
Them into a patch of forest  
Somebody once planted for this  
Songs not over, phones still ringing  
Eyes still rolling, eyes still clinging  
Something in the air starts singing

Radio switched on and buzzing  
Something in the wind starts humming  
Something in the field starts hunting  
Kids grow up and kids get numb  
And kids it's coming, kids it's going to come